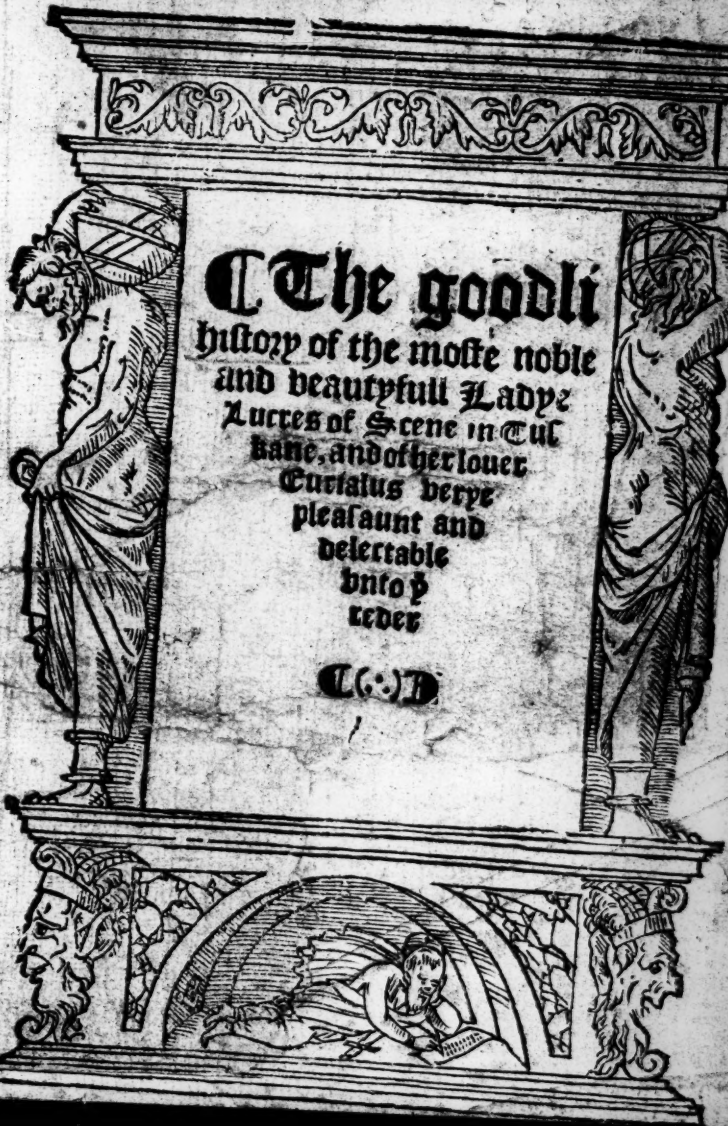
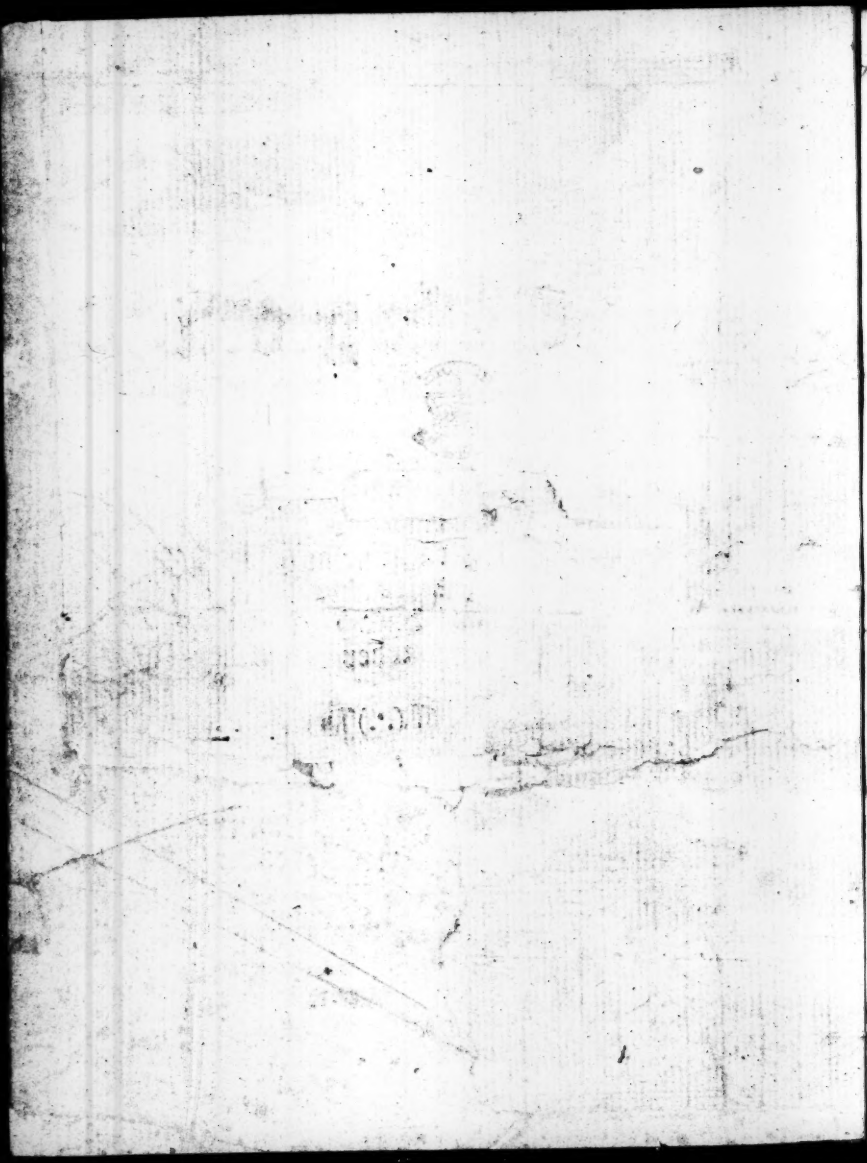
¶ The goodli hystory of the moste noble and beautyfull Ladye Lucres of Scene in Tuskane, and of her louer Curtalus verye pleasaunt and delectable vnto ỳ reder

¶ (.·.) B





The Emperour Sigismōd entering into the town of Scene in Tuskane, what honours he receiued: is all redy euery wher published His palayce was prepared at saint Marthies chapel, in the strete that ledeth vn to the posterne, called Tophoze. After the ceremonis finished, when Sigismōd was come thider, foure ladies in noblenes, facion, age and apparell semblable, did mete hym not lyke mortal women: but as goddes, to euery mans iudgmente and if they had ben but thre they had ben to be rekened thē that Paris saw in his dreme. Sigismond (thoughe he wer aged) was prone vnto lust, and delited much in desireing with ladies, and reioised in blādisments of women nor nothing was to him more plesaunt, then to be hold goodly women. Then in aduisynge them (vnlike to the rest) he was receiued from his horse among thē and turning to his familiers said, saw ye euer any like to these women? I am in doubt whether these faces be mankynde, or aungels, but surely they are heauenly. They casting their eine to the ground in blushyng became fayrer, and ỹ ruddy flushing in their chekes gaue such a colour to their countenaūce, as hath the gold ma ry stoned with the scarlet, or the whit lilies among the purple roses: But among al: Lucres the yonge Ladye, not yet of twenty yeres, whone in great beawtues yōg mayyed in the famyly of the Camilles, vnto a very rich man, named Menelaus, vnworthy [illegible]

The Emperour Sigismōd entering into the town of Scene in Tuskane, what honours he receiued: is all redy euery wher published His palayce was prepared at saint Marthies chapel, in the strete that ledeth vn to the posterne, called Tophoze. After the ceremonis finished, when Sigismōd was come thider, foure ladies in noblenes, facion, age and apparell semblable, did mete hym not lyke mortal women: but as goddes, to euery mans iudgmente and if they had ben but thre they had ben to be reken ed the that Paris saw in his dreme. Sigismond (thoughe he wer aged) was prone vnto lust, and delited much in desiring with ladies, and reioised in blādisments of women nor nothing was to him more plesaunt, then to behold goodly women. Then in admiryng them (vnlike to the rest) he was receiued from his horse among the and turning to his familiers said, saw ye euer any like to these women? I am in doubt whether these faces be mans vnde, or aungels, but surely they are heauenly. Then casting their eine to the ground in blushyng became fayrer, and y ruddy nothing in their chekes gaue such a colour to their countenaūce, as hath the lilie ingrayned with the fraiter, or the white lilie among the purple roses. But amongest the fairest there was not yet of twenty yeres of one in great [illegible] maryed in the family of the Cornilies [illegible] man, named Spencius, worthy to [illegible]

beautye shulde serue at home: but well worthye of hys wyfe to be deceyued. The stature of the Lady Lucres was more hyghe than the other. Her heare plenteous and lyke vnto the goulde wyre, whyche hanged not downe behynde her, after the manner and custome of maydens: but in goulde and stone she had enclosed it, her forhed hyghe of semelye space, wythoute wrynkell, her browes bente, facyoned wyth fewe heares, by due space deuyded, her eyne shynyng wyth such bryghtnes that lyke as the sonne, they ouercame the beholders lokyng: wyth those she myght whome she wouldе, slee (and slayne) when she wold reuyue. Strayt as threde was her noose, and by euen deuision parted, her fayre chekes, nothing was more amiable, then these chekes nor nothyng more delectable to behold, wherin (whan she did laughe) appeared two proper pytes, wherin no man dyd se, that wished not to haue kyssed. Her mouth small and comely, her lyppes of corall colour, handsom to byte on her small tethe, wel set in order, semed Cristall through which the quiuering tonge dyd send furth (not wordes) but moost pleasant armony. What shall I shewe the beautye of her chynne, or the whytenesse of her necke? Nothynge was in that bodye not too bee praysed as the outwarde apparaunces shewed token of that that was inwarde, no man beheld her that dyd not enuy her husbande, she was in speche as the fame is, that the mother of Graccus was, or the doughter of Hortentius. Nothynge was more sweter, nor soberer than her talcke. She pretended not (as dothe many) honestye by heuy countenance: but with mery byfage, shewed her sobernes, not fearefull, nor ouerbearyde: but bolde made of shame, she cared in a womans hart

Her

her apparell was dyuers, she wanted nether broches, borders, gyrdels, nor rynges. The abilimentes of her head, was sumptuouse, many pearles, many dyamantes, were on her fyngers and in her borders. I thynke the day that the Greeke Menelaus feested Paris, Helen was no fayer: Nor Andromaches no more gorgeus when shee was marryed vnto Hector. And amonge those, was Katheryne of Heruisa, that shortelye aftere dyed, in whose funerals the Emperour was prefounte (and thoughe he were but a chylde) made her Sonne knyght, at her sepulchre, and of her the beautye was also meruelouse: but nothyng so greate, as of Lucres. Her dyd the Emperoure Sigismonde, and all othere, prayse and beholde, but one amonge the yun, more than ynoughe was sette vppon hers. ¶ Eurialus of the contre of Francony, whom [illegible] her Magnor rycheste caused to be vnmete to loue, hee was of the age of two and thyrty yeres, not verye hygh of stature, but of gladsome and pleasant facion, wyth noble eyne, his chekes ruddy and fayre, as the white lilies amonge the purple roses, his other membres (as who sayeth) with a statelynes of shape correspondent to his stature. The other courtiers by long [illegible]. hee beholdes his owne substaunce, by familyarytie wyth the Emperoure, receyued dayrye rewardes. Hee was more and more gorgeouse in syghte of menne, and lede a greate trayne of seruauntes after hym, and he hadde suche a horse (as the tale repoyteth) as Memnon hadde, whan he came to Troye. Nothyng he wanted to prouoke the fame hete of the mynde, called loue, but onlye yolentes. Yet, youth lust, and the glad goodes of fortune, wyth [illegible] thynges hee was me[illegible] nourisshed [illegible]

hym out of hys owne powder. Eurialus as sone as he had sene Lucres, he brent in the loue of the Lady, and fyxyng hys eyen in her face, neuer thought he to haue sene ynough, yet loued he not in vayne, it is a wounderouse thynge, there were manye goodly yong men but Lucres had only chosen this, there were manye goodly women: but Eurialus had chosen her onlye. Neuertheles, not at that time knewe Lucres the fame of Eurialus towarde her, nor he hers, but eche one of theym thought to haue loued in vayne.

THe ceremonyes vnto the Emperoure finished, sheer retourned whome, hoole vowed vnto Eurialus, and Eurialus clene geuen vnto Lucres, remayneth. Who nowe shulde marueil of the tale of Pyramus and Thysbe: betwyxte whome, bothe acquayntaunce and neyghbourhode nyghte be entre of theyr loue, and tyme greue theyre loue. Theese louers Eurialus and Lucres, neuer sawe nor hearde afore eyther of othere, he a Franconyen, and she a Tuskan, nor in theese bi-senes they occupyed not theym tongues: but it was all done with eyene, lyttens that the one so pleased thee other. Lucres then wounded wyth greuous care, and taken wyth thee blynde fyre, forgettynge all readye that shee is maryed, hateth her husbande, and wyth woundes nourythynge the wounde, holdeth fyxed in her brest the countenaunce and face of Eurialus, nor geueth no mayer treat vnto her lymmes, and with her selfe sayth, I wote not what letteth me that I can no more companye wyth my husbande, nothyng delyteth me hys [illegible] pleaseth me hys hylles hys

hys wordes inoye me so standeth alwayes afore myne eyen the ymage of the straunger that to day was nexte vnto the Emperour. Caste halas, oh vnhappye, oute of my chaste breast that conceyued staines yf thou maye, yf I myghte, halas, I shoulde not be as I am, euell at ease. A newe kynd of strength agaynst my wyl draweth me, my desyre and my reason meueth me diuersly, I knowe the best, and the worste I folowe. Oh Noble citesen, what hast thou to do wyth an vnknowne man? why bienmest thou in a straungers loue? whye seekest thou thy lust in a straung countrye? yf thy husband loueth the thyne owne countrye maye geue the that thou louest. Oh, but what a maner of face hathe he? what woman woulde not be meaued wyth hys beauty, youth noblenes, and vertue? surely I am. and wythoute hys help I despayre. God graunt vs better. Shal I betray halas, the chaste spousels, and betake me too a straunger, I wotte not whence? which when he hath abused me, shall departe, and shall be an others, and so leaue me behynde, but by his countenaunce, it is not lyke to be so, and the noblenes of hys mynde seameth not to be such, nor so pretendeth not the greate of hys beauty that I shuld fere disceyt or his forgetting of loue. And he shal promise afore hande assured, whye do I dreade? I shall apply it wythout ferther abyde, pardie, I am so fayre that hee wyll no lesse desyre me, than I hym, hee shall be myne for euer, yf ones I maye receyue hym to my lylles. How many do wod me where so euer I go? how many pryuats do watche afore my doie? I shall entende to soue, eyther he shall tary here, or at hys departing cary me wyth hym. Shall I than forsake my mother, my husbande, and my countr[illegible] moder is so

warde and alwayes agaynste myne appetites my husbande I had rather wante, than haue, my countrey in ther as I delyte to dwell, but shal I so leese my fame? whye not? what haue I to doo wyth mennes woordes, whythe I shal not heere? Nothynge shall be dare, that feareth the threatnyng of fame, many other haue don the same. Helena woulde bee rauyshed. Paris caryed her not away against her wyl. What shal I tel of Diana or Medea? no man blameth the fauter, that fauteth with many. Thus said Lucres nor within his breast nourished Curialus no lesse flames.

On the mid way, betwixt the emperours court, and Curialus loging was Lucreses house. Curialus myght not go into y palace, but shewing her self out of the highe windowes, was in his eie. but always Lucres blusshed, wyan she saw Curialus, whych thyng gaue vnto the Emperour knowlege of the loue. For as by custome he vsed to ride here & ther, passyng often y way, he sawe the woman chaunge countenaunce by Curialus coming, whych was as next vnto him as Mecena to Octauian to who the Emperour, lokyng aside, sayde dooste thou beeu women on thys facion Curialus, that woma surely loueth the, and ones inchaunter as though he had enuied his loue, when hee came before Lucres house he put Curialus cappe ouer his eyne, thou shalte not se quod he that that thou loueſt. I wyl myself bee that syghte. Curialus answered, fye, what meaneth

 I haue

to doo wyth her, but take heede

what

what ye doe, leaste ye bringe suspecte in them that bee here about vs. Curtalus was mounted vpon an hyghe rayned courtier, with a smal head, whose shorte bely and fayre heare caused him to shewe goodlye, wel breasted, lusty, and courageous so that herynge the trumpet he could no where reast. he receiued the fury of the noise, his fayre mane honge vppon the ryghte syde, and the ground resowned, beten with his fote, and not muche vnlyke him was his maister, when he had espyed Lucres who beyng alone, as sone as she hadde sene him, coulde neyther temper the flame, nor her selfe so the vnhappye Lucres did burne. In meane houses dwelleth chastytie, and onely pouertye bleth good affection. and chastitie that haunteth smal cotages, knoweth not the policies for riche menne, who that haboundeth in prosperitie lightlye delyeth vnaccustomed thynges, fiers luth, companyon to fortune hathe chosen delycate houses and stately mansions. Lucres that oftentymes beholding Curtalus passynge by, myghte not asswage her ardaunte delyre, but ley thenclynge to whome she might her selfe discouer. for who that sorrowfye brenneth, more greuously suffreth. Ther was amonge the seruauntes of her husbande, one Zoylus an Almayne olde and faythfull to his maister: whome he had longe serued, betrye honestlye, how beit she go vnto, trusting more to the nature than to the wyll.

The Empetoure accompanyed wyth many Noble menne, wente solacinge throughe the towne, and euen nowe did he passe by the house of Lucres who what she was de
sirous Curtalus was ther. Coueyther quod she,

Zoylus

Iosias I wolde speke wyth the, loke heare oute of the wyndowe, where in the worlde is there anye youthe lyke thys, seest thou howe vpryghte and fayre spredde shoulders they haue: behoulde theyr bushes and well kempte heares. Oh what faces, what fayre neckes. What noble hartes theyr countenaunces doth pretend thys is an other kynde of people than oure Countrye bothe brede, they seme Goddes or of heauenlye kynde. O that fortune hadde geuen me an husbande of one of theese, yf myne eyene had not sene them, I woulde neuer haue beleued the, yf thou hadde toulde me of them. Yet the fame is that the Almaynes excelleth all other people, and surely I beleue that the colde geueth to them greate whytenes, the countries so drawynge towarde the Northe. But dooest thou knowe anye of them. Yea many quod Iosias. Than quod Lucres, Eurialus the Franconien, dooste thou knowe hym: Yes as myne owne selfe faythe Iosias, but whye dooste thou aske: I shall tell the quod she. I knowe it shal not bee vnsolued, this hoope hath thy goodnes gyuen me. Amonge all them that are about the Emperour, none pleaseth me lyke hym. In hym my mynde is meaued. I wotte not wyth what flames I burne, I canne neyther forgette hym, nor yet my selfe apease, excepte that I maye make my selfe acquaynted with hym. Go therfore I beseche the Iosias, seeke Eurialus, tell hym I loue hym, nothynge elles I desyre of thee, and yet thys shalte thou not do in vayne. What is thys quod Iosias: shall I eyther do such outrage, or ones thinke it Madame: shall I betraye [illegible] Maister: shall I now olde begynne too deceyue, [illegible] I haue hated in my youthe: Rather noble Noble Ladye of thys towne

taste fourth the wycked furoure out of thy chaste brest
folowe not thy cruell hoope, but quenche the fyre. Hee
dothe not paynfullye put backe loue, that resysteth the
fyrste assautes, but hee that the sweete yll flatterynge
dothe nourysshe, geueth hym to the bondage of a tyght
hatde and cruell mayster nor whan hee woulde, maye
not forsake the yocke, whyche yf thy husbande shoulde
knowe, halas vnder what facyon woulde he tormente
the? no loue can longe lye hyddene. Houlde thy peace
quod Lucres, there is no fear at all, nothyng he feareth
that feareth not death. I am content to suffer it what
soeuer happeneth, what opinion dooste thou houlde?
Oh vnhappye quod Sostias, thou shalte shame thy
house, and onelye of all thy kynne thou shalte bee ad-
ultereresse, thynkeste, thynkest thou the deade can be re-
create. A thousande eyne are aboute thee. Thy mo-
ther, yf she do accordynge, shall not suffer thy outrage
to be preuye, not thy husbande, not thy Cousyns, not
thy maydens, ye, and thoughe thy seruauntes woulde
holde theyr peace, the bestes wold speake it, the dogges
the pooles, and the marble stones, and thoughe thou
hyde all, thou can not hyde it from God, that seeth all.
Understande that payne is presente vnto a Sylye
thoughte, and the mynde, fylled wyth offence, feareth
hym selfe. Faythe is denyed in greate crimes. All wages
I beseeche the, the flames of wicked loue, feare too
mengle straunge makes in thy husbandes bedde. I
knowe quod she it is accordinge as thou sayste, but the
rage maketh me folow the worste. My minde knoweth
howe I shal be dyng, but furour hath ouercom, and reig-
neth and ouer all my [illegible] ruleth loue. I am determy-
myned to folow the co[illegible]maundemente of loue, ouer-

muche alas haue I wrestled in vayne: yf thou haue pitie on me, carye my message. Ful heauye was Zosias with this worde, and sayde to her thus, for these hoore heares on my heade, by age, and for the kaythfull seruice that I haue done vnto thy kynne, humblye I beseche the, leue this furour and helpe thy selfe, a greate part of health, is to wyl to be healed. To whome sayth Lucres all shame hathe not forsaken my mynde, I wyll obeye the Zosia, in the loue that canne not be hyd, onely the exchuyng of thys yll is by deathe to preuent the offence. Zosias affeared wyth thys sayinge moderate quod hee my Ladye, the rage of thy vnbrideled mynde, tempere thy thoughte, nowe arte thou worthy lyfe, when thou iudgest thy selfe worthye of deathe. I am determined quod Lucres to dye. Collatinus wyfe the faute committed, benged wyth a sweard. I more honestlye shall preuent it, I studye but the kinde of my deathe, a corde, sweard, fall, or poysone, shall reuenge chastitie, one of theese I shall assaye, I wyll not suffer the quod Zosias, quod Lucres, who that determyneth to dye, can not be let. Portia at the deathe of Brutus, whan weapon was taken from her, dyd eat hote coles. If the furoure bee soo frowarde in thy mynde quod Zosias, thy like is rather to be socoured, than thy faute. deceytfull is fame that to the ill, beleeueth and to the good worker, is often greue. Let vs assay this Eurialus, and let vs intende to loue, the labour shall be myne, and as I thincke, I shal bringe it to effecte.

With theese wordes the kindled thoughte hee enflamed, and gaue hope to the doubtefull mynde, but hys mynde was not to dye as hee

sayde

sayde, he sought to deferre the mynde of the woman, to asswage the desyre, as oftentymes tyme quencheth flames and sufferaunce healeth diseases. Iosias went with fals truste to dryue her fo the tyll the Emperoure shoulde departe, or shee shoulde chaunge her mynde, least yf he hadde denyed it, another messanger shulde haue bene found, or els the woman shuld haue slayne her selfe, oftentimes therefore hee fayned him selfe to goo and comme, and that he reioyced in her loue, and sought a conuenient time that they might talke together, sometime that he could not speke with him, some time he sought to be sente oute of the towne, and tyll his retourne deferred her glad dayes, so, manye dayes he dyd feede the sycke mynde, and because he shoulde not lye in all thynges, once onelye he brake vnto Eurialus, sayinge. O how thou art here beloued, yet whan he asked what that mente, he answered not. But Eurialus, stryken with the secret dart of Cupido, gaue no vell nor fleape to hys lymmes, the fyre so crepte in hys vaynes and vtterlye wasted his marye: yet knewe he not Iolia, nor thoughte him to be the messenger of Lucres, so haue we all lesse hope then desyre. He whan he sawe him selfe burne, a great while with this wisdom wondered, and vnder thys fayron oftentymes blamed hym selfe. O Eurialus, thou knowest what the rage of loue is, longe playntes, and shorte laughters, fewe ioyes, and manye dreades, alwayes hee dyeth, and is neuer deade that loueth. What dooste thou meddle in dayde: at last quod he all for nought. O wretch, whye fyghte I against loue? May not I do that Iulius that Alexander, that hanybal dyd? and they were worthye
warriours

warryoures. Loke beſydes vpon Poetes, Vngyll drawen vp by a roape, honge in the mydwaye to the wyndowe, truſtynge to haue enbraced hys loue. If anye man wyll reuſe the poet, as a folower of a more diſſolute lyfe, what ſhall we ſaye of Philoſophers, maiſtres of learnyng, and rulers of good lyuyng. A woman dyd tyde Ariſtotle lyke a hoſſe, and ruled him wyth a bridle and ſpurred hym. It is not true that is ſayde comonly honoure and loue accorde not together. The Emperoures power is equall with the goodes, and who is a greater louer then hee? They ſaye that Hercules that was ſtrongeſt of all menne, and of the race of Goddes the diſtroyle of the lyon and hys quyuere layde a parte, tooke in hande a rocke, and trymmed nynges for hys fyngers, and ſette in order his rudde buſhe, and wyth his hande, wherewyth he wonted too carye a mace, by tyrlynge of a ſpyndell he drewe a threde, it is a natural paſſyon. Wyrdes are brent wyth thys fyre. The turtull and the doue doth loue. What ſhal I ſaye of beaſtes? The horſe meueth battel for loue. The fearfull hearte ſeketh to fyght, and by delaunge ſheweth his furoure. The fiers Tegre, and the cruell Boore, whettyng hys teathe, doth bleit. And the Lions of Libia ſet vp theyr roughe manes, whan loue moueth. The monſtures of the ſea dofele this heate, nothynge is free, ne nothing vnto loue denyed. Hate gyueth place vnto it. It hereth the fyers flames of youth, and vnto weryage itreuoketh the dead heate, and ſtriketh the breſtes of maydens with a brennynge fyre. Whye then doo I ſtryue agaynſte the lawes of loue? Loue ouercommeth all thynge, and let vs gyue place vnto hym. What than theſe thynges were concluded, he ſeeketh a wyfe too

whome

whome he myghte take her letters to carye to her. Atius was his kaytheful fellowe, and vnderstode mucht in suche matters. He taketh the busynes in hande, and hyreth a woman to whome the letters were taken, writen as foloweth. ¶ Eurialus vnto Lucres.

Wolde sende the greatynge and healthe with my letters yf I had any myself, but surelye, bothe of my healthe and lyfe, the hope hangeth in my handes. More than myselfe I loue thee, and I weene it is not vnknowne vnto thee, my face ofte moysted wyth teares, maye shewe token of my wounded breaste, and the syghtes whyche in thy presence I haue caste fourthe. Take it wel I beseche the that I discouere me vnto the, thy beautye hathe taken me and the grace of godlye hede, wherein thou passest all othere, houldeth me, what loue mente vnto nowe I neuer knewe, but thou haste subdued mee too thy power of thy delyte, longe dyde I stryue (I confesse) to escape so violente a mayster, but thy bryghtnesse hathe ouercome myne endeuoure, the beamys of thine eyne passynge the sonne, hathe ouer come me. I am taken and am noo more myne owne, the vse of meate and drincke thou takest fro me, contynually I the loue, the I delyte, the I call, thee I awayte, thee I thynche on, the I truste in, and wyth thee I delyte mee, thyne is my mynde, and with the it is hole. Thou onlye mayste saue me, thou onelye mayste lese me, the one of theese chuse, and what thou intendest, wryte it vnto me. Bee no more harde in thy wordes in answerynge me, than thou was wyth thyne eyne in bynedynge me. It is noo

great

greate thynge that I aske. To speade conuenyentlye wyth the I aske, this onelye desyreth my letters. That that I wryte, I may say afore the, this if thou graunte me, I lyue, and well happe I lyue, yf not thou sleest my harte that the more then me loueth. I recommend me vnto thy good grace, and to the truste that I haue in the. And thus fare well the delyte and desydue of my lyfe.

These letters sealed, when the woman hadde receyued, hastelye she wente vnto Lucres, and fynedynge her alone, saide vnto her thus. The mooste Noble of the Emperoures Courte, thy louer sendeth the theese letters, and prayeth the instantlye to take him vnto thy grace. Thys woman was noted for a baude, and that knewe Lucres and tooke it verye displeasauntlye to haue a naughtye womanne sente vnto her, and to her shee sayde, what madnesse hathe mened the to come to my presence? arte thou so boulde to entre the houses of noble menn? dareste thou prouoke greate ladyes to violate sacred mariage? shall I not cause my handes from thy eare? bryngeste thou letters vnto me? speakeste thou vnto me? dareste thou loke me in mi face? If I regarded not more what becommeth me, thanne what thou deseruest, I shulde so order the that thou shouldest after thys daye neuer carye more letters of loue, entre out of my syghte abhominable queane, and take thy letters wyth the, yea rather gyue them me, that I maye caste them in the fyre and snatchynge the paper from her, tare it in peaces and trode vnder her fete, spyttynge at it, caste it in the asshes so shoulde thy selfe be punyshed, baud quod she more worthye the fyre, than thy lyfe pyche the hence shortly

shortlye leaste that my husbande, kinedynge the heare gyue the that that I remytte vnto the, and whyle thou lyuest, neuer come in my syghte. A nother would haue bene afrayd, but she wel acquaynted with the maners of women, thoughte to her selfe, nowe wouldest thou mooste, when thou shewest mooste the contrarye, and sayde vnto her forgeue me madame, I thoughte I had not done a mysse, and that it shoulde haue stande wyth thy pleasure, if it be otherwyse, pardone myne ignoraunce, if thou wylte not that I retourne vnto the, I shall obey thy commaundemente, but take thou heede what a louer thou forsakest, and with theese woordes departed from her, and when she hadde founde Eurialus: be of good confort quod she thou louer, the woman loueth more the, then shee is loued, but nowe it is was no tyme to wryte vnto the, I founde her sad, but whan I named the, and gaue her thy letters, she made good countenaunce, and kyssed the paper a thousand tymes doubte not, thou shalte shortlye haue an aunsweare, and thus the olde woman departynge, shee was well ware no more to be founde leaste she hadde suffred for her lynge. ☞ Truelye Lucres, after the woman was departed soughte vp the peeces of the lettre, and sette eche in theyr place, and ioyned soo the torne woordes, that shee made it legeable whyche when shee hadde redde it a thousande tymes, a thousande tymes she kyssed it, and at the laste wrapped it in a fayre napkyn, and putte it amonge her Iuels, and remembryng nowe thys woorde, nowe that woorde, continuallye shee sooked in more loue, and determyned too wryte to Eurialus, and sente her lettere on thys fashyon enuyted.

Eurialus leaue to hope, after that thou canste not attayne, leue to bere me with thy letters and messangers, thyncke not that I am of that sorte that sell them selues, I am not she that thou takest me for nor vnto whome thou shouldest sende a bawde, seeke for thy luste anothere. No affeccione but chastitie shall folowe, wyth othere do as the liketh, but of me aske nothynge, for bee thou sure I am vnmeete for the. Farewel. This letter (thoughe it semed vnto Eurialus very harde, and contrary to the womannes wooydes) yet dyd shewe hym the redye waye howe too sende hys letters, for he doubted not to truste, whome she trusted, but the ignorannce of the Italien toungue combred hym, therfore wyth busye studye he learned it and because loue made him diligent, he was in shorte whyle cunnynge, and hym selfe alone endited his letters, whyche afore he was wonte to borowe, whan hee shulde wryte anye thynge in Italien. He aunswered than to Lucres, that she shuld not be displeased wyth hym, because he sente an vnhoneste womanne to her, sythen hee as a straunger knewe it not, and coulde vse none other messangere. The cause of hys sendyng was hys loue, desiringe noo dishonestye, hee beleued her verye honeste and chaste, and so muche more to bee beloued, and that vnhoneste womenne and ouer lyberall of theyr honoure. he dydde not onelye not loue: but also greatlye hate, for chastitye, leste, nothynge is in a womanne to be praysed, for beautye is a delectable plesure, and a fraile, and noughte to be esteemed wythoute

honestye

honestye, and that shee that honestye wynneth wyth beauty, passeth in bothe giftes, and that therfore he did honoure her, and onlye he desyred to speake wyth her, that he myght by his wordes declare hys mynd, that he coulde not by his letters. Wyth suche maner of letters hee sente her a token, not onelye ryche in value, but excellent in the workmanshyp.

¶ To these letters Lucres thus answered.

I Haue receyued thy letters, nor it is not the womanne nowe I blame the for. That thou louest me I esteame not greatelye, for thou arte neither alone, nor the fyrste whome they saye my beautye hathe deceyued. Manye haue loued me, and do loue me, but thy labour as well as theyres shalbe in vayne. I neyther can nor wyll talke wyth the and excepte thou were a swalowe thou canste not fynd me alone. The houses be hyghe, and the gates be kept. I haue take ne thy token for that the facione pleaseth me, but because I wyll not hynge of thyne for nought, and that it shal not be as a token of loue, I sende the ynge, whyche my husbande gaue my mothere, that it maye be to the as pryce of thy Iuels for it is of no lesse value than thy gyfte. Farewell.

TO these letters Eurialus replied. Great cō fort were thy letters vnto me that thou cō playnest no more of the womane. But that thou settest thy loue so lyghte, greueth me sore for though many do loue the, none of theyr loue is so feruent as myne, but thou beleuest it not, for that I

may not speke with the, but yf I myghte, thou shuldest not wey it so lyght. Would to God as thou sayest, that I myghte be a swalowe, ye, or a lesse thynge that thou myghte not shytte thy wyndowe agaynste me, but my most greke is not that thou can not, but that thou wylt not. Ah my Lucres, what meaneth that thou wylt not, yf thou myghte wouldest thou not speake with me that am all thyne? and that nought desyreth so muche as to please the. If thou bydde me goo into the fyre, I shall soner obey then thou shalte commaunde. Sende me worde I beseche the, that yf thou mighte thy wyll were good. Geue me not death with thy wordes, that mayste gyue lyke vnto me with thyne eyene. If thou wylte not speke wyth me because thou maiste not, I am contente, but chaunge that worde I praye the that sayest my labour shall be in vayne, God forbyd in the suche crueltye. Be I beseche the more gentell to thy verye louer, yf thou continue so, thou shalte slee me, and bee thou sure, soner thou with a worde, then another wyth a sworde. I aske, thou hast none excuse, no man canne forbyd the that, saye thou louest me, and I am happye that my tokene remayneth wyth the, howe soeuer it be I am glad of it, it shall sometime remember the of my loue, but it was to simple, and that that I sende the now is lesse, but refuse not thou that thy louer sendeth the, I shal haue out of my countrye dayly better when they come, thou shalt not lacke them. Thy ryng shal neuer part from my fynger, and in stede of the I shal moyst it wyth continual kysses. Farewel my health, and in that thou maye healpe me.

¶ At the last after many wrytings and answeres Lucres sent him such a letter.

¶ Lucres

Wolde fayne Eurialus do the pleasure, and as thou desyrest, rewarde the with my loue, for that asketh thy Noblenesse, and thy condycyons deserueth it, that thou shuldest not loue in vayne, besides thy beauty and goodlye face but it is not for me to loue the. I knowe my selfe, if I begyn to loue I shall neyther keepe measure nor rule. Thou canste not longe be heare, and yf I fall vnto the, I canne not lacke the, thou wouldest not take me wyth thee and I surelye woulde not longe tarye behynde the. Manye examples do meue to refuse a straungers loue. Jason that wanne the golden fleece by Medeas councel, for soke her. Theseus had bene cast to the Minaturs had not the councel of Adriana healped him, yet dyd he leue her behinde him in an Jlande. What became on the vnhappye Dido. that receyued the wanderyng Eneas Was not her loue her deathe? I knowe what pearyll it is to receyue a straungers loue, nor I wyl not put me into suche hasardes. You menne are of more stronger mynde, and soner can quenche the fyre. A womanne whan she begynneth to loue, onelye by deathe maketh an ende. Women rage, they doe not loue, and excepte they be aunswered wyth loue, nothynge is more terryble, after the fyre bee kyndled, we neyther regard fame nor lyfe. The onelye remeadye is the obtaynyng of the louer, for that that we mooste lacke, we mooste desyre Nor we fe are no daunger for oure appetites. I than synce am maryed, and vnto a noble ryche man, am determyned too exclude all loues, and specyallye thyne, whych can not be contynual leaste I be noted as Phylis

or Sapho. Therefore I desyre the no more to aske my loue, and lytle by lyttle to assuage and quenche thyne, for it is more easy to menne then to women, nor thou yf thou loue me, as thou sayest, woldest not desire that that shoulde be my destruccion. For thy token I sende the a crosse of golde, sette with pearles, which thoughe it be lytle, is of some value. Farewel.

¶ Eurialus to this letter helde not hys peace, but as he was with the newe wrytynge kyndeled, so tooke he the penne in hande, and vnder thys forme folowynge endyted a letter.

¶ Eurialus vnto Lucres.

Onour and helth be vnto my deare harte Lucres she that geueth me helth with her letters, though they be medled somewhat with galle, yet I truste when thou haste heard myne thou shalt withdrawe it. Thy letters are come to my hands sealed, whiche I haue red oftentymes and kyssed as oft. But it seemeth to meane another thyng than thy mynde wolde. Thou desirest me to leue to loue, because it is not mete for the to folow a straungers loue, bryngyng examples of such that hathe bene so deceiued (so eloquently) that I must rather wonder of the, then forget the. Who would then leaue to loue, when he seeth suche wit and learning in his maystres? Yf thou woldest haue swaged my loue thou shuldest not haue shewed thine eloquence, for that it is not too quenche the fyre, but too make it rather flame, the more I reade it, the more I burned, seyng thy beauty and honesty so ioyned, wyth learning but it is in vayne to desyre me to leue to loue

the

the. Dryue the hylles too bee come playne, and the ry-
uers to retourne into the sprynges. For aswell maye
I leaue to loue, as the sonne hys course. If the hyghe
mountaines maye wante snowes, or the sea fishes,
yf the forestes maye wante Dere, then maye Eurialus
forget the. Men are not so prone as thou weenest Lu-
cres, to quenche theyr desires, for that that thou geuest
vnto oure kynde, men do ascribe it vnto youres, but I
wyll not vndertake that to debate, to that must I an-
swere whiche toucheth me neare, for the deceytes of
other, thou bryngest in examples whereby thou wylte
not rewarde me with thy loue. But more are too be
brought by Lucres, whome womenne hath deceyued
Troylus by Cresyde. Deiphus by Helena. And
Circes by her enchauntementes deceyued her louers,
But it were not accordynge, by the dedes of a fewe, to
iudge al the rest. Shuldest thou for a certayne yll man
abhorre and accuse all menne? Or I for manye yll wo-
men, hate all the rest? nay, rather lette vs take other ex-
amples, as was of Anthonius and Cleopatra, and of
other whome the shortnes of my letters letteth to re-
herce, but it is red that the Grekes, retournynge from
Troy, haue bene holden by straungers loues, nor ne-
uer haue come to their countries, but taried wyth their
loues, contente rather too wante theyr frendes, theyre
houses, theyre reygnes, and othere deare thynges of
theyr countrye, than to forsake theyr Ladyes. Thys I
beseche the my Lucres, remember and note those few
thinges that be agaynste oure loue. So do I loue the,
to loue the alwayes, and euer to bee thyne. Nor call me
no straunger, I pray the, for I am rathere of thys con-
trye, than he that is borne heare, sythens hee is but by

chaunce

chaunce, and I by myne owne choyse, no countrye is myne, but where thou arte. And thoughe I departe at anye tyme, my retourne shall be shorte, nor I shall not retourne at all into my country, but too sette ordere in my busynesses, that I maye dwell longe wyth thee, wherefore, occasyon maye be found sone inough. The Emperour hath much to do in these parties the charge wherof I wyll sue to haue, sometime as ambassatoure, sometyme as commyssyoner, and he must haue a lieuetenaunt in Strucia, and that wyll I optayne. Doubte not my delyte, my hearte, and my only trust. If I may lyue yet pitye thy louer that melteth lyke snowe afore the. Sone consyder my trauayles, and nowe at last set an ende to my tormentes, whye punyshest thou me so longe I wonder of my selfe, howe I haue suffered so many euyles, howe I haue waked so manye nyghtes, howe I haue forborne my mete and my drynke so long beholde howe lene I am, and howe pale, a small thyng is it that holdeth the lyfe wythin my bodye, yf I hadde slayne thy Parentes or thy chyldren, thou couldest punyshe me no sorer, yf thou so handle me for that I loue the, what shalt thou do to them that haue offended the Ah my Lucres, my Ladye, my healthe, and my socoure take me vnto thy grace, and at laste wryte vnto mee that I am thy beloued, nothynge I woulde elsse, but that I myghte saye I am thy Seruaunte. Pardye boothe Kynges and Emperoures loue theyr faythefull seruauntes, nor the Goddes disdayne not to know them that loueth theym. Farewell my truste and my dreade.

Lyke as a towre craked wythinne, sowndynge outwarde impreuyble, yf a piece of ordynaunce bee

shotte

shotte against it, furthwith it rente in pieces: So was Lucres ouercome with Eurialus wordes, for after she had perceiued the diligence of the louer, her dissembled loue she declared with suche letters.

¶ Lucres to Eurialus.

Haue no more Eurialus resyste thy requestes, nor longer withhold my loue frō the. I am ouercome, vnhappye womane, by thy letters, whiche if thou obseruest not, according to thy writing, þ shalt be of al pertured traitours, the worst. It is easy to deceyue a woman, but so much, is it the more shameful, now that I am come into thy loue, and as a woman, can consyder but little, thou that art a man, take charge bothe of thy selfe and of me. Thyne I am, and thy faythe I follow, and thyne wold I not be, except it were for euer. Farewell the staye and leader of my lyfe. ¶ After thys were manye letters written on bothe parties, and Eurialus wrote not soo vehementlye, as Lucres dyd answere feruently, and that hadde bothe one desyre of their metinge, but it seamed hearde, and almoste impossible, sithens the eyne of euerye bodye dyd behoulde Lucres, whyche neuer went forthe alone, nor wanted a keper. Nor Argus neuer kepte Junos Cowe so diligentlye as Menelaus caused Lucres to be kept. This vice is of propertye to the Italyens, too shutte vp their wyues as their treasoure: and on my fayth (to my iudgmente) too lyttle purpose, for the mooste parte of wo-

men be of thys sorte, that moost they desire, that most to them is denyed, and when thou wouldest, they wyll not, and when thou wouldest not, they would, and yf they haue the bridell at ly bertye, lesse they offende soo that it is as easye to kepe a woman agaynste her wyll as a flocke of flyes in the heate of the sonne, excepte she be of her selfe chaste. In vayne dothe the husbande set keepers ouer her, for who shal kepe those keepers. She is craftye, and at the ly ghtlye shee begynneth and whan she taketh a fantasye, she is vnreasonable, and like an vnbrideled mule. ¶ Lucres hath a brother in lawe hee caryed her letters, and was of Councell in her loue wyth hym shee had appoynted to shutte priuelye Eurialus in hys house, and hee dwelled wythin hys stepmother, that was Lucres mother, whome Lucres dyd oftentymes visite, and was also of her oftentymes vysyted, for they dwelte not farre a sonder. Nowe thys was the order of it, Eurialus shoulde bee shut in the parlere, and after the mother was gonne to the churche, Lucres should come as it were to speke wyth her, and not finedyng her, shulde tarye for her retourne, in the meane tyme shee shoulde be wyth Eurialus, this shoulde bee within two dayes, but theese two dayes were two yeares to the louers for too them in that hope well, the houres be longe, and too them that trust lytle, they be as shorte, but fortune folowed not theyr desyres. The mother mystrusted, and at that day whan she went forth, shut her son in lawe oute, whiche broughte to Eurialus the heauy newes, to whome the displeasoure was no lesse, then too Lucres, whyche when he sawe her craft perceyued, let vs go quod shee another waye to werke, yet shall not my mother lette,

my

my appetyte. One Pandalus was her husbandes cosyn, whome she had also made pryuy of her secreates, for the stampynge mynde myght no where reste. She aduertysed Eurialus to speke wyth hym, for hee was trusty, and coulde fynde well a meane for their meting but Eurialus thought it not sure to truste hym, whome he sawe alway wyth hym. Menelaus fearyng thereby deceyte. In takynge deliberatyon, hee was sente by the Emperoure to Rome, to determyne wyth the Pope for hys Coronacyon, whyche was bothe vnto hym and her greuous, but it muste be obeyed, so was hys Journeye two monethes longe. In the meane tyme Lucres kepte here house, shutte vp her wyndowes, putte on sadde apparell, and no where wente shee fourthe, euery body marueled, and knewe not the cause, sythen the wyndowes of the towne shewed theim selfe, and they of the house thoughte theim selfe in darckenesse, as though they hadde wanted the sonne, seynge her often on her bedde, and neuer merye, thought it sykenes, and sought all remedies that myghte bee, but she neuer neyther laught nor came oute of her chambere, tyll tyme she knewe that Eurialus was comme to the presence of the Emperoure, for than, as waked oute of a sleape, she layde aparte her sad clothes, and dressed wyth her former gorgeousnes, opened her wyndowes gladlye lokynge for hym, whome whan the Emperour sawe, deny no more quod he Eurialus, the mater is perceyued, neuer man in thy absence myghte see Lucres nowe that thou art come, we maye se the bryghte mornynge, what measure is in loue? it can not be cloked nor hydden wyth hemmes. Ye mocke syr quod Eurialus, and fynde your laughter at mee, I knowe not

what it meaneth, the naiynge of youre horses hathe peraventure wakened her, and whan he hadde sayde, preuelye he beheldе Lucres and fyxed fast hys eyne in heres, and that was theyr fyrst salutacion after hys retourne. Shortlye after Nisus Eurialus trusty frende diligentlу pursuyng his frendes cause, founde a Tauerne, whyche behynde Menelaus house had a wyndowe towarde Lucres chambre. Hee maketh the Tauerner hys frende, and when he hadde boyde the place bryngeth thyder Eurialus, sayinge; oute of thys wyndowe mayste thou speke with Lucres, betwyxte booth houses was a darke canel, whyche no manne came to deuydynge Lucres wyndow from the chambre, by the space of thre elles. Here sat the louer awaytynge yf by chaunce he myghte see her and hee was not deceyued, for at laste she came to the wyndowe, and lokyng here and there, what dost thou quod Eurialus, the nourysse of my lyefe, whether tournest thou thyne eyne, my dere hart? hyther tourne them I praye the, loke hether my healthe, beholde thyne Eurialus is here, I my selfe am here. Arte thou there quod Lucres? Oh my Eurialus, now may I speke with the, and wold god I might embrace the. It shal not nede no greate busynes quod Eurialus, I shall sette to a ladder, opene thy chamber, to longe haue we differred the iniotnyng of oure loue Beware of that quod she my Eurialus yf thou loue, my lyfe, heare is a wyndowe on the ryghte hande, and a verye yll neyghboure, and the Tauerner is not too be trusted, that for a lyttle monye wolde peraventure betraye bothe the and me, but lette bs worke otherwyse it is inough yf heare we may talke together. But thys is death to me sayth Eurialus, wythoute I myghte in

myne

myne armes embrace the. In thys place did they talke longe, and at the laste reached eache to other tokens vppon a reade, and Eurialus was no more lyberall in hys gyftes, then Lucres was . Iosias perceyued the crafte, and sayde to hym selfe. In vayne do I resyste the mynde of the louers, and except I prouide wysely, my maystres is vndon, and the house shamed for euer of bothe theese ylles, it is best too wythstande the one, my maystres loueth, yf it be secrete, it maketh no matter, she is blynde for loue and seeth not well what shee doeth. If chastitye can not be kepte, it is ynoughe to hyde the noyse, leaste the hole house bee slaundered, or leaste there be anye murdre done, surelye I wyll go to her, and healpe her, whyle I myghte I dyd wythstand that no offence shulde be done, and because I myghte not, it is nowe my part too hyde that that needes wyll be, leaste it be knowne. Loue is an vniuersall rayngnyng mischief, nor none ther is not enfected with this sickues, and he is iudged mooste chaste that is mooste secrete. And thus thynkynge wyth hym selfe, Lucres came oute of her chambre, and Iosias meatynge her, sayde thus. What meaneth it that thou deuyseſt wyth me no more of thy loue? and neuertheles Eurialus is beloued of the, take heede whome thou trusteſt. The fyrste poynt of wysdome is, not to loue at al. The nexte that at the least it be secrete, and thou alone wythoute a messanger, canst not do it. In what trust thou mayst putte me in, bylonge tyme thou haste learned, yf thou wylt trust me, tell me, for all my mooste care is, lest this loue, yf it bee knowne, thou shalt suffere, and thy husbande mooste of all. To thys aunswered Lucres, it is as thou sayeſt Iosias, and I truste the muche, but mee

thoughte I wote not howe negligente, and agaynste my desyre. Nowe that thou offereſt thy ſelfe, I wyll vſe thy diligence, and I feare not too be deceyued of the. Thou knoweſt howe I burne, and longe I maye not endure thys flambe, healpe me that we maye be together, Eurialus for loue languyſheth, and I dye. Nothynge is to vs woꝛſe, than to lette oure appetytes, yf we may ones mete together, oure loue ſhall be moꝛe temperate, and it ſhall well be hydde. Goo than and ſhewe Eurialus the onelye waye too come to me, yf he wyll within theſe foure dayes whan the byllaynes bꝛyng in whete diſguyſe hym lyke a poꝛtour, and clothe hym ſelfe in ſackeclothe, and carye the coꝛne in too the garner. Thou knoweſt my chambꝛe hath a backe doꝛe by the lader, tell all vnto Eurialus, and I ſhall wayte foꝛ hym and whan tyme is, I ſhal be alone in my chamber, and whan he is alone, let hym put opene the doꝛe and come into me. Iolias thoughe it were a hyghe mater, fearynge a woꝛſe, taketh in hand the buſynes, and fyndyng Eurialus, appoynteth wyth hym the ꝛder of euery thynge, whych he as lyght thynges gladly acepteth, and maketh hym redy to this meſſege, and noughte playneth but of longe aboade. O inſenſyble bꝛeſt of a louer. O blynde thoughte. O hardye mynde and vnfearful hert. What is ſo vnacceſſyble that thou thynkeſt not open ynough? what waye ſo ſharpe that the ſemeth not playne? what is ſo cloſe that is not too be vncloſed? thou ſetteſt lyght al daungers, thou findeſt nothynge too harde, payne is the gelouſye of huſbandes agaynſt the, neyther lawe noꝛ feare doth hold the, to no ſhame arte thou ſubiecte, to the all labouꝛes is but playe. O loue, ſubduer of all thynges, a noble

man

man, derely beloued with the Emperour, riche, of good age, well lerned and of greate witte, thou bringest in that case, that purple layd a part, he clothes him self in sacke clothe, he dissembleth hys owne face, and of a master, he is becomen a seruaunte and he that delicioussye hath bene nourysshed, now dresseth his sholders for the burde, and letteth hym self to hyre for a comon portour. Oh maruelouse thyng and almoste vncredible, to see a man, in other thynges a graue counceller, among the company of boystrous portoures, prestynge hym selfe amonge suche raskall people, who wyl seeke a greater charge? Thys same it is that Ouide meaneth in hys transformacyons, whan he telleth how wemen becam beastes, stones, or trees. That same is it that the noble Poete Virgyll meaneth whan he telleth howe Circes enchaunted her louers into beastes, for so fareth it by loue, so is the mynde of man therby chaunged, that litle he differreth from a beast.

THe morning forsaking the golde bed of Titan, reduced the distred day, and shortlie the sonne declaring the colour of eche thinge reioyced the wayter Curialus, that thought him the happy and fortunate, when hee sawe hym selfe among the vyle portours, so goeth he further into the house of Lucres, charged hym selfe with whete and settinge it in the garner, descended last of the companye, and as he was taughte, the doore of the chambre then was putte too, he thrust open, and went in, and shuttynge the doore after hym, hee founde

Lucres

Lucres about lyke worcke and comynge towarde her, god spede quod he my dere harte and the onlye healpe and hoope of my lyfe, Lucres, thoughe shee hadde appoynted thys matter, at the fyrste sighte, was somwhat abashed, and thoughte it hadde beene rather a spyrite, than her louer Eurialus for shee coulde not well beleue that suche a manne as he wolde venture suche bylles but afterwarde in kyssynge, and embracynge she knew well Eurialus, and sayd. Art thou here quod she poore poxioure, arte thou here myne owne Eurialus and than shee straynynge hym strayter lookynge in hys face, began hyr wordes agayne thus Alas quod she my deare hearte Eurialus, what daunger haste thou aduentured, what shall I saye nowe, I perceyue I am mooste deare vnto thee, I haue made proofe of thy loue, and thou shalte neuer fynde mee noone otherewyse vnto the. God sende vs onlye good lucke, in oure loue, and whyle the spyryte shall rule my lymmes, noone shall bee before thee wyth Lucres, noo. Not my husbande yf I calhym ryghte: My husbande that was geuen mee agaynste my wyll, whereto my mynde neuer consented. But nowe I beseche the my Eurialus, cast away thys sacke clothe, and shewe thee vnto me as thou arte put away this porters garmente and laye awaye these ropes. Lette me se my Eurialus, than he cast of the fylthy apparel, and shone al in golde and purpull, and began to entende busely to the office of loue, whanne zosias scrappynge at thee dooze, sayde take hede ye louers, Menelaus seekynge I wote not what, cometh hyder hyde all thynge preuelye for out, ye can not scape. Than quod Lucres there is by the bed a darke closette where bee Iuels, thou wotteſt what I

wote

wrote vnto the, yf my husbande came in, whyle thou were wyth me, goo thou thythere, there thou mayst be sure in the derke, and neyther styrre nor spytte, Eurialus beynge in doubte what he should doo, folowed the womans byddynge. She sette open the doore and wente to her worke. Then came Menelaus, and one Bertus a scryuener wyth hym, to seeke thynges that belonged to the common weale, whiche when they were not in diuers boxes found, they are peraventure quod Menelaus in the closet. Go Lucres, and fetch a lyghte for to seke here. With this woord, Eurialus was sore afraid and beganne straycht to hate Lucres, and to hym self sayd. Ah foole that I am. Who caused me too comme hether, but myne owne lyghtenesse. I am takenne, I am ashamed, I shall lease the Emperoures fauoure, what for fauour? I wold God my lyfe were safe. Howe shall I scape a lyue? I am sure too dye. Oh vayne, and of all facies moste folyshe, I am fallen intoo theese dieres wylfullye, to what purpose is thee enioyinge of loue, yf it be bought soo deare? the pleasures be shorte and the doloures infinite. Oh yf we woulde endure, these thynges for heauen, it is a maruelous folyshnes of men that forsaketh lyghte laboures, for longe ioyes and for loue, whose ioyes be comparable to smoke, wee putte our selfes into extreme daungers, Loo, myselfe nowe shall I bee a tale and example too euerye bodye, and knowe not what ende shall becomme of it, if anye good Saynte woulde healpe me hence, neuer agayne shall suche laboure deceyue. O good Lorde healpe mee hence, and pardon my youthe. Remember not myne ignorauances, but saue me to repente me of thys faute. She hath not loued me, but as a dere hathe takene me

in the net, my day is come, no manne may healpe me, but thou good Lorde. Oft haue I hearde the deceytes of women, and I coulde not eschew it, yf I escape now there shall neuer no crafte of women deceyue me. But Lucres was all yll combred, that feared as muche hys healthe as her owne, and as womens wyttes is more redye than mannes, in sodeyne perils, hadde found a remedy. Come hether quod she husband, here is a casket in this wyndowe, wherein I haue sene you put dyuers thinges of charge, let vs se yf the wrytyng be ther and runnynge as it were to opene it, ouerthrewe yt into the strete, and as it had bene by chaunce, alas quod she, come hether, husbande leaste we lese anye thynge the casket is fallen out of the windowe, go quyckelye, least anye Jewels or wrytynges fall oute, go goo for goddes sake, why tary ye? I wyll looke oute that noo man take nothynge. See the deseyte of the woman ne nowe truste them hardely, no man is so circumspecte, that can not be deceyued, he was neuer kyndlye deceyued, whome hys wyfe neuer assayed to deceyue, we are ofte more fortunate then wyse. Menelaus and Bertus abasshed with this same ranne bothe hastely into the strete, the house was high after the Italian faction and manye steppes downe. Whereby Eurialus hadde space to chaunge and putte himselfe by her councell into another darcke corner. They when they had gathered the wrytinges and the Jewels, because they found not that that they soughte, wente into the closette, where they founde it, and so byddynge her farewel, departed, and she barred the doze. Come forthe quod she Eurialus come forthe my dere hart, and the summe of my ioyes, come the well of my delytes, and spryngе of

my

myg gladnes, all thynge is sure, we may talke at lyberty and now is the place sure for our enbracynges, fortune woulde haue letted oure kyssynges, but God hathe fauoured oure loue, and hathe not forsaken soo faythfull louers, why tarryest thou? here is thy Lucres, whye letteste thou to embrace her? Eurialus at the last forsakig hygh feare, clapseth her wyth hys armes. Jin my lyfe quod he, was J neuer so fered, but thou art wel worthy for whome suche thynges shulde be suffered. Theese kyssynges and swete enbracynges quod he, no manne shulde haue for noughte, nor J (too saye trouthe) haue not boughte deare ynoughe soo greate a pleasure. Jf after my death J myghte lyue, bysynge thy companye, a thousande tymes wolde J dye to bye thy enbracinges so oftene. O howe happye and howe blessed, is it a bision, or is it in deede? do J hold the in myne armes? or do J dreame? surelye it is thy selfe, and the J haue. Lucres was in a lyghte garmente, that wythoute plyghte or wrynkell shewed her bodye as it was, a fayre necke, and the lyght of her eyne lyke the bryghte sonne, gladsome countenaunce and a merye face, her chekes lyke lylyes, medeled wyth roses, sweete and sober was her laughynge, her breaste large, and the twa pappes sempynge apples, gathered in Venus gardayne meued the courage of the toucher. Eurialus coulde no longer suffer the spurre, but forgettynge all feare, and sobernes layde aparte, sayde vnto the woman: Let vs nowe taste of the fruyte of loue, hee pressed her soore, and she too the contrary resysted, shewynge howe she cared for her honestye, and that her loue delyted nothynge but onelye wooydes and kysses: Vnto whyche Eurialus smylynge dyd aunswere, Jt is known quod

he that I am here, or it is not knowne, yf it be knowne there is no manne that wyll not Iudge the reaſte, yf it bee not knowne, noo moze ſhall thys bee, it is thee rewarde of loue, and lette me dye rather than wante that O but is offence quod Lucres. It is offence quod Eurialus not to vſe pleaſure whan thou mayſt, ſhoulde I forſake ſuche occaſion graunted and deſired ſo greatlye? and takynge her garmente. The ſtryuynge woman that wolde not bee ouercomen, he ouercame Yet dyd hee not quenche thee deſyre of Uenus: but rather prouoked a greater thyrſte, but Eurialus fearyng a further daunger, after he hadde a litle banqueted, departed, ſomthyng agaynſte her wyll and mynde, and no man ſuſpected, becauſe he was as one of thee portoures. As he went through the ſtrete, Eurialus wondrynge on hym ſelfe, ſayde. Oh yf the Emperoure ſhuld nowe mete with me, and knowe me. What ſuſpecte wold this garmente bryng hym in? how wolde he mocke me. I ſhuld be a tale for euery body, and euer a laughter for hym. Neuer wolde hee leue me, tyll tyme that he knewe all, and neades tell him I muſte what thys apparell meaneth, but I woulde ſaye that it were for another woman than this, for peraduenture hee loueth her, and alſo it were not mete too declare hym my loue, for I woulde neuer ſo betray Lucres, that hathe both receyued and ſaued me and thus as he thoughte he ſawe Niſus, Achates, and Plinius, and gothe afore and was not knowne of them tyl he came home, wheras chaungynge hys clothes, vnder colour of other names, he telleth the chaunce of the mattere, and as hee remembreth the feare and the Ioye ſo did he in telling feare and reioice, and in the middes of his feare, ah

fole

kole that I was quod he, I trusted a woman wyth my hed: so was I not councelled of my fathere, whan hee taught me to trust the fayth of no woman, for that they were cruell, deceytfull, chaungeable, and ful of dyuers passions, and I yll remembring the lesson, put my lyfe in a womans handes, what yf anye man had knowne me, when I was charged wyth wheate? what shame what slaunder hadde bothe I and myne had for euer? The Emperour wolde haue refused me, and as lyghte and madde brayned, myght haue estemed me, what yf her husbande had founde me in the closet? The cyuyll lawe is cruel to adulterers, but the furoure of the husbande would haue had greater payne, the tone hadde ben but short deathe: the other, deathe wyth cruell tormentes but set case that he hathe fauoured my lyfe, at the least he wold haue bound me, and sent me shamed vnto the Emperoure. Ye, though I hadde escaped his handes because hee hadde no weapon, and I hadde a sweard by my syde, yet hadde he a man wyth hym, and weapons honge at hande vppon the wall, and there was many seruauntes in the house, the noyse shoulde haue ryssen and the doores shut and I shoulde haue ben handled accordynge. Alas madde that I was, no wysdome, but chaunce hath delyuered me from this daunger sorowe for chaunce, and it was the readye wytte of her. O trusty woman. O wise louer. O noble and excellent loue, why shuld I not trust vnto the? why shoulde I not trust thy fayth, yf I hadde a thousande lyues, I durst truste the with them all, thou arte faythfull and wyse, and wysely thou can loue, and healpe thy louer, who could so sone haue the waye to auoyde them that soughte me, as thou had: than haste saued my lyfe, and

I owe it vnto thee, the lyke that I lyue, is not myne, but thyne: and it shall not be greuous vnto mee, for the to leese that by the I haue, thou haste the ryghte of my lyfe, and commaundement on my death. O fayre breste. O pleasaunt tongue. O swete eyen O freshe witte, O goodly lymmes and well furnyshed, whan shall I see you agayne? whan shall I byte that same corall lyppe, and here the speke wythin my mouthe? shall I neuere handell agayne those rounde breastes? O Achates, it is but lytle that thou haste sene in any woman in comparyson to this, the more nearer she is, the more fayrer shee is. Lidia, thee fayre wyfe of Candalus, the kynge was no fayrer: I wonder not yf hee woulde shewe her naked vnto Satius for to do him the greater pleasure for on my faythe, yf I myghte, so woulde I shewe thee this Lady, for els may I not declare vnto the her beuty nor thou perceyue what ioye I had, but reioyce wyth me, I beseeche the: that my pleasure was greater than can be expressed with wordes. Thus talked Eurialus with Achates, and Lucres wyth her selfe sayde as muche, but so muche lesse was her gladnesse that shee might trust none to shewe it vnto, and vnto Iosias she durst not for shame tel al.

IN the mean time a knight called Bacorus of a noble hous foloing the Emperour, began to loue Lucres, and because he was fayr and goodli, thought to be beloued and onlye reken the chastitye of the woman to let him. She (as the custom of Italy is) beheld euery bo-

dye

by with a lourynge countenaunce, whether it were by diſceyt or craft, leaſt the true loue ſhulde appere. Dacorus rageth and can not be in reaſt tyll he haue felt her minde. The matrones of Scene went oft to viſite the chapel of our Lady of Bethleem. Hyther was Lucres come wyth two maydens and an olde wyfe. Dacorus folowed her wyth a vyolet wyth golden leaues in hys hande, in the ſtalke whereof, he hadde hydde a letter of loue, wrytten in fyne letters, and haue noo maruayle thereof. For Cicero ſayeth there was ſhewed hym the hole hiſtory of Troy, ſo fynelye written, that it myghte all haue bene cloſed in a nut ſhel. Dacorus offereth the violette too Lucres, recommendynge hym vnto her, and ſhe refuſeth it. He deſyreth her inſtantlye to take it. Take the floure madame quod the olde wyfe, what feare you? there is no perell, it is but a ſmall thynge: wherein peraduenture ye may do the gentelman pleaſure. She folowed her counſell, and tooke the floure, and whanne ſhe hadde gone a lyttle waye, ſhe tooke it vnto the toone of her maydens, and ſhortelye after they mette wyth two ſcholers, whyche I wot not how lyghtlye obtayned the floure of the mayde, and opening the ſtalke, founde the pleaſaunte letter. Now after the matronnes of Scene, had founde the louers, that the Emperoure broughte, and after the Courte was come thyther, theſe folke were mocked and deceyued, and lyttle eſteemed, for the clatterynge of harneys delyted more theſe women then eloquence of learnyage Here vppon grewe greate enuye, and the long ſo wus ſoughte alwayes howe to lette the courtyers. Than whan the crafte of the vyolet was knowne, ſtrayghte was Menelaus gone vnto, and deſyred to reade the

letter

letter he beynge very angry, goeth home, blameth his wyfe, and fylleth all the house wyth noyse. And shee to the contrarye denyeth that there is one faute in her and tellynge the hole tale, bryngeth the olde wyfe for wytnesse. The Emperoure is gone to, complaynte is made, Pacorus is called for, and he confesseth the faut asketh forgeuenes and sweareth neuer more to vexe Lucres but ryghte well knewe he that Iuppyter rather laugheth, then taketh angerly the periurynge of louers and so the more that he was let, the more hee foloweth the vayne flame.

The winter is come, & the Northwinds had brought doun snows ỳ town falleth on plaing ỳ wiues cast snowballes into the stretes, and the yong men out of ỳ stretes into their windowes. Heare had Pacorus gotten occasiõ, and had enclosed in waxe an other letter, and putteth it in a snowe ball, and castyng it vnto Lucres wyndowe who wyll not saye that fortune ruleth al thyng? one happy houre is more worth to the, than if Mars shuld recommende the in his letter too Venus Some saye that fortune hathe noo powere in wyse menne, I graunte it too suche wyse menne that onlye delyte in vertue: and sufferynge pouertye sycknesse, and persoune canne thyncke them selfe blessed, whych one yet I neuere sawe, nor neuer thyncke there was. The commone lyfe of menne neadeth fortunes fauoure. Shee, whome shee wyll shee auaunceth, and whome she lysteth, ouerthroweth who hindered Pacorus,

eus, but fortune, was it not wyfelye handeled, in a violettes ſtalke too hide hys letters and nowe agayne to ſende hys letter cloſed in ſnowe. wouldе anye man ſaye it myghte be craftyer, ſo that yf fortune had holpe he had be iudged crafty, and excellently wyſe, but contrary chaunce brought the ball that fel out of her hand too the fyre, ſoo that the ſnowe ones waſted, and the waxe melted, the letters appeared, which bothe an olde womanne that warmed her, and Menelaus beynge by, dydde reade, and there beganne a newe noyſe, whyche Pacorus dydde not tarye too excuſe, but went hys waye. Thys noyſe healped Eurialus, ſo that it is true that hathe bene ſayd: it is hard defendyng that is dyuerſly aſſauted. The louers awayted for the ſecond maryage, and there was a lyttle ſtrayte lane betwyxte Lucres houſe and her neyghboures, by the whyche ſettyng hys fete vpon eche wall, he had not ouer harde clymynge to Lucres wyndowe, but thys myghte only be by nyght. Now muſt Menelaus goo into the countrey and there muſt he lye all nyghte, whyche daye was wayted for of thoſe two louers, as it hadde bene a Jubile. The good manne is gone, and Eurialus, chaungynge hys clothes, is come into the lane, there hadde Menelaus a ſtable, wherein by the teachynge of Joſias, all the euenynge he lay hydde in the haye, and loo where Nomo came, that was a ſeruaunte of Menelaus, and hadde rule of hys horſes, to fyll the rackes, and harde by Eurialus ſyde dyd pulle out hay, and had taken more, and ſtryken in hym wyth the forcke, hadde not Joſias healped, who whan he ſawe thee daungere, brother quod he geue me thys worke. I ſhal geue hay to the horſes, thou in the meane tyme, looke that oure

supper be redy, we must be merye whyle oure mayster is furth, oure maystres is better felowe, shee is merye and liberall, he is angrye, full of noyse, couetous, and harde, we are neuer well when he is at home, se I pray the what lanke belyes we haue, he is hungry himselfe to sterue vs for hunger, hee wyll not suffer one moyste peece of browne breade to be loste, but the fragmentes of one daye, he keapeth fyue dayes after, and the gobbets of salte fysh and salt eles of one supper, he kepeth vnto an other, and marketh the cut chese, least anye of it shulde be stolen. The sole that by suche wretchednes keapeth hys ryches, for nothynge is more folysh than to lyue poore, for too dye ryche, howe muche are we better wyth oure maystres? that feedeth vs not onlye wyth beale and kidde, but wyth hennes and byrdes, and plentye of wyne. Go Dromo and make the kytchen smoke. Mary quod Dromo, that shall be my charge, and soner shall I laye the tables, thanne rub the horse, I brought my mayster into the countree to daye that thee Deuyll breke hys necke, and neuer spake he woorde vnto me, but badde me whan I brought home my horses, to tell my maystres that he wouldе not come home to nyghte but by God quod he, I praise the zosias that at the last hast founde faute at my maysters condycions. I had forsaken my mayster, yf my maystres had not geuen me my morowe meles as she hathe, lette vs not sleape to nyghte zosia, but lette vs eate and drynke tyll it be daye, my mayster shall not wynne so muche thys moneth, as we shall waste at one supper. Gladlye dyd Eutialus here this, and marked the maners of seruants, and thought he was serued a lyke, and whan Dromo was gonne, Eutialus arose, and sayd, O happy nyghe

that

that thoughe thy healpe iosias, I shall haue that haste broughte me hether, and wyselye taken heede that I was not discouered, and thou shalt not see that I shal be vnkynde. The houre was come, and the glad Eurialus, that had passed two daungers clame vp that wal, and at the wyndowe wente in where all thynge was ready, and Lucres by the fyre. She whan shee sawher louer, clapsed hym in her armes, there was embracyng and kyssyng, and wyth full sayle they solow their lusts and wetyed Venus nowe wyth Ceres, and now wyth Bachus was refreshed. Alas, howe longe busines and howe shorte bee the pleasures skante hadde Eurialus one glad houre and lo where iosias broughte woorde that Menelaus was comme, and marred all the plaie. Eurialus maketh hym readye too departe. ¶ Lucres whe n she hadde hidden the banket, meteth her husbād welcommynge hym home. Welcome quod she my husbande, by my trouthe quod she I wened that thou haddest bene loste in husbandrye what haste thou done in the countrye thus longe? why tariest thou not at home thou makest mee sadde wyth thyne absence, I feare leaste thou haue some other that thou louest, these husbandes be so false to theyr wyues, yf thou wylte that I shall not mystruste the, neuer slepe oute of my companye. For I can slepe no nyghte wythoute the, but lette vs suppe here and go to bed, they were than in the hall, where they vsed to dyne, and shee soughte for too haue kepte hym there tyll Eurialus had space for to goo hys waye, for it requyred somme leasure, but Menelaus hadde supped forthe, and hasted towarde hys chaunber. Nowe on my faythe and trouthe quod Lucres, thou arte vnkynde, whye dyddest thou not rather sup wyth

me, because thou was from hence. I haue eaten noo meate to day, and there were here men of the country that brought in maruelous good wyne, as they sayde and yet I tasted not of it, but nowe that thou art come lette vs goo into the celler I beseche the and taste yf the wyne be, as they say, and so hauyng the lanterne in her one hande, pullynge her husband wyth the other hand wente into the celler, and soo longe perced thys vessell and that, and supped wyth her husbande, tyll shee thoughte that Eurialus was gonne, and so at the laste wente wyth her husbande to the euyll pleasaunt bed.

¶ Eurialus in the styll of the nyghte, wente home. And on the morowe, eyther for that it were necessarye to take hede or for some yl suspecte: Menelaus walked vppe the wyndowe: I thynke as our Cytezens be suspectuous and full of coniectures: so dyd hee feare thee commodyte of the place, and woulde eschewe the occasyon, for though he knewe noughte, yet wyste hee well that shee was muche desyred, and dayly prouoked by great requestes, and iudged a womans thoughte vnstable, whyche hathe as many myndes, as trees hathe leues, and that their kinde alwayes desyrous of newe thynges, and seldom loue they their husbands whom they haue obteyned. Therefore dyd he folowe thee common opinion of maryed men: to auoyde myschap, thoughe it come wyth good lucke. So was their metynge lette, and their sendynge of letters also stopped, for the Tauerner that dwelte behynde Lucres house, where as Eurialus was wonte to speke wyth her, and geue her letters: at Menelaus peril waslon was putte out by the Aldermen, and onely remayned the beholdynge of their repene, and wyth beckes the louers salu-

ted

ted eche other, and skante myghte they bse thys bytter-moeste poynte of loue, theyr sorowes were greate, and theyr tormentes lyke the death, for they coulde neyther forget, nor vse theyr loue. Whyle Eurialus doothe study diligently what auyse he myght take in this mater, he remembred Lucres councell whyche she wrote vnto hym of Menelaus coulyn Pandalus, and dydde as these cunnynge Phisicians, whose manners is, in daungerous syckenes to geue indyfferente medecins and in extreme to vse the last medecynes, rather than leue the dysease incurable, He determined to goo vnto Pandalus, and folowe that waye that afore he hadde forsaken, and when he hadde sente for hym, called hym into a secrete place. Syr downe quod he my frende, I must tel the a great thinge that requyreth such thinges as be in the, that is dilygence, fayth, and secretnesse. I would erre nowe haue shewed it the, but I knewe the not, nowe I do know the, and because thou arte an honest faythfull man, I loue the and entrete the, soo that I knewe nothynge els, it is ynoughe that thy neyghebours prayse the, and myfellowes too, wyth whome thou haste entred frendshyppe, and who and of what sorte thou arte, they haue tolde me, of whome I haue learned that thou desyrest my frendshyppe, whyche I promyse nowe vnto the, for thou arte as well worthye myne, as I am thyne. Nowe for because amonge frendes a thynge is done in fewe wordes, what I woulde, I wyll shewe the. Thou knowest howe the kynde of man is prone vnto loue, whether it bee vertue or vyce, it reygneth euery where, nor no hart there is of fleshe that somtyme hath not felt the pryckes of loue. Thou knowest that neyther the wyse Salomone, nor the

stronge Sampson hathe escaped from thys passyon. Furthermore the nature of a kyndeled hearte and of a folysche loue is thys, the more it is lette, the more I bourne, wyth nothynge soner is thys dysease healed, than wyth the obtaynynge of the loued. Manye there hath bene, both in our time and in our elder to whome they let hathe bene cause of cruell deathe, and agayne manye after the thynge obtayned, haue lefte too rage, nothynge is better when loue is crepte into the bones than too geue place too thee rage, for who so ever stryueth agaynste the tempest, ofte tymes suffreth wracke and who dryueth wyth the storme escapeth. Thys I tell the for that thou shalte knowe mee loue, and what for my sake thou muste doe, and then what profytte thou shalt haue thereby, I wyll shewe the all, for nowe I reaken the as one part of my harte. I loue Lucres, and truelye Pandalus it is not by my faut, but by the gouernance of fortune: in whose handes is the hole worlde that we inhabyte. The customes of the countrey were vnknowen to me, I thoughte your wemen hadde felte in they hartes that they shewed with they eyene, and that hathe deceyued me, for I thoughte Lucres hadde loued me, because she beheilde me pleasantlye and I agayn began to loue her, for I thought such a lady was not vnmeete to bee beloued for loue, and yet dyd I not knowe the, nor none of thy kynne. I loued, and wened to haue bene loued, who is so stonye harde (beynge loued) that dothe not loue (But after I sawe I was deceyued (leaste my loue shulde be vayne) wyth all maner of wayes I assayed too kyndell her wyth lyke and lyke fyre, for I bourned, and pyteouslye wasted and shame and trouble of my myndes daye and nyghte, dyd

mar-

marueloullye tormente me, and I was soo tangled, that with no wayes I coulde escape, and at the laste I contynued so long, that the loue of vs both was like (he is kyndeled, and I burne, and we bothe pearyshe, nor we se no remedy to our liues, but only thy healpe, her husbande keepeth her in his chamber. The waker dragon dyd neuer keepe so well the golden fleece: nor Cerberus the entre of hel, as Lucres is kept I knowe your kyntede, and also I knowe that ye are noble and ryche, and amonge the best of thys towne be loued but who can wythstande destenye: halas Pandalus it was not by my choyce, but by chaunce, and thus standeth this matter, it is as yet secrete but wythoute it be well guyded, it is lyke, as God forbyd, to brede a greate myscheefe. I peraduenture myghte apeace my selfe, yf I went from hence, whiche thoughe it were greuous vnto me, I woulde do for your families, if I thoughte that shoulde healpe, but well I knowe her rage, eyther she woulde folowe me, or els yf shee were constrayned to tarye, woulde kyll her selfe, whiche woulde bee vnto your house a perpetuall dishonoure. That I sente for you, is for your cause to wythstande these myscheues, nor there is none other waye but that thou wylte bee gouernoure of our loue, that the dissembled fyre maye be secreate. I recommende, I geue, and I bowe me holy vnto the, be diligente in this furoure, leaste whyle it be lette, it flame the more, do so muche that we maye mete together, and so shall the heate bee aslaked, and made more sufferable, thou knowest the wayes of the house, thou knowest when the good manne is absent, thou knowest howe too bynge me in, but Menelaus brother must be had oute of the waye, whyche wayteth

euer

euer diligentlye for these matters, and kepeth Lucres in steade of her brother, and marketh dilygentlye her wordes, her lookes, her countenaunce, her spyttynges her coughes, her laughes, and eche thynge hee consydereth, him must I deceyue, and it cannot be wythout the. Healpe therfore I beseche the, and whan her husbande Menelaus is from home, aduertise me, and his brothers that tarryeth, brynge theym oute of the waye that he neyther takehede to her, nor set none other kepers, ouer her, whiche yf thou wylte vndertake, and healpe me as my trust is in the, all is safe, for thou maist pryuelye, whyle the other be faste in sleape, lette me in, and ease our furyous loue, what profyte shall ensue of this, I thynke thou vnderstandest by the dyscrecyon. For fyrst thou shalte saue the honour of the house, and hyde the loue that in no wyse can bee publyshed wythoute your shame. Secondlye thou shalt saue thy cosen in lawes lyfe, and also too Menelaus saue a wyfe, too whome it shall not be so hurteful that shee were myne for one nyght (no man knowyng of it) as yf he shoulde lese her, all the worlde wonderynge, whan she shoulde folowe me. Dyuers womenne haue folowed theyr louers, what if she determyned to folowe me? what dyshonour shuld it be to your kynne? what mocke among people? what shame as well to al the towne as to you? some wold peraduenture say, put her to deathe rather than she shoulde doe thus, but woo bee vnto hym that kylleth him with bludshedding, and remedieth one faut by a greater. Myscheuousnes be not to be encreased but to be lessed, of two good thynges, wee knowe the best is to bee chosen, and of a good and of an ylle, thee good, and of two ylles, the least. Euerye waye is daun-

gerous,

gerous, but thys that I shewe the, is leaste perylous, by which thou shalt not only helpe thyne owne bloude, but also me that am almooste out of my wytte to se Lucres suffre as she dothe for me: who I wouldе rather dyd hate me, than I wouldе entreate the but thus it is and at thys poynte, and wythoute thy crafte, thy wytte and thy diligence the shyp be guyded there remayneth no hope of healthe. Helpe therfor both her and me, and saue thy house from shame, and thyncke not that I wyll be vnkynde, thou knowest what I may doe wyth the Emperoure, and what thou wylte, I wyll gette the graunted, and thys I promyse thee on my faythe thou shalt be an Earle by patent, and all thy posteritye shall inioye that same title, I commit vnto the both Lucres we, our loue and fame, and the honoure of thy kynne, I trust vnto thy fayth, thou art the arbyte, and al these be in thyne handes: Take hede nowe what thou doste, for lyke as thou mayst saue, so mayst thou spyl.

☞ Pandalus when he heard this, smyled and after a lytle pause, sayd (Al this haue I knowne quod he Eurialus, and wolde God it hadde not happened, but nowe as thou sayest: it is at that poynt that I must nedes do as thou byddest me: excepte I wold shame all our kyn and rayse a great slaunder: The woman in dede brenneth, and hathe no power ouer her selfe, and wythoute I helpe, she wyl sle her selfe wyth some knife, or breke her necke out of some wyndow, neyther careth she for her honour, nor for her lyfe, she hathe toulde me her desyre, I haue blamed her, I haue busyed me to quenche the flame, and all in vayne, she careth for noughte but for the, thou art alwayes in her mynd, the she wyssheth,

the she desyreth, and the only she thinketh vpon, often tymes callynge mee by thy name, soo is the womanne chaunged by loue, that she semeth not the same. Halas what pitye and what sorowe, there was none in all the towne more chaste or more wyser then Lucres. It is a maruelous thynge if nature haue geuen loue suche lawe ouer the myndes of menne. Thys dissease must be healped, and with none other cure, than thou haste shewed, I wyll goo aboute thys busynes, and whanne tyme is, I shall warne thee, nor I seeke noo rewarde of the, it is not the office of an honest manne too aske thanke where none is deserued. I do it to auoyde thee same of our house, and if thou take any benefyt therby I am not therfore to be rewarded. Yet quod Eurialus for all that I thancke thee, and as I sayde, I promyse the to cause the to be made Erle, and refuse not hardly this honoure. I refuse it not quod Pandalus, but I woulde nat it shuld come by thys meanes, if it commelette it come, I wyl nothynge doe by couenaunte, yf I myghte haue done it by vnknowne too the, that thou myghte haue bene wyth Lucres, I wolde gladly haue done it. Farewell, and thou also quod Eurialus, nowe that thou hast geuen me comforte, make fayne, fynde, or doe by some meanes, that we maye be togethet.

Thou shalt prayse me quod Pãdalus, and he departed ful glad that he had entred in Eurialus grace. Hoping to be an Earle, whereof hee was more desyrous, in as muche as he shewed leaste, for there be manye men, so women lyke, that whan they say most nay, they would fayneste, hee hathe gotten by furtheraunce of loue the name of an Earle, and his posteriars shall shewe for theyr noblenes a gylted bull.

Not

Not longe after ther was a fray in the country amonge Menelaus husbandmen, and diuers of them that had dranke ouermuch, were slayn, wherfore Menelaus must go forth to set good order in these maters, to whō Lucres said, husband thou art heauy and weake, and thy horse goeth hard, borowe therfore some ambeling horse. And whan he asked where he might borow any Mary quod Pandalus Eurialus had a very good one, and sure he wyl gladly lend hym the, if thou wylte I shall aske him. Doe quod Menelaus, and Eurialus allone graūted as he was desired, takyng it for a good token, and to hym selfe sayde, yf thou leape vppon my horse, I shall do the same vnto thy wyfe. Nowe the couenaunt was that at fiue of the clocke Eurialus shuld wayte in the strete, and shoulde hoope wel yf he harde Pandalus sing: Menelaus was gone, and the cloudy nyght had couered the heuen, Lucres taryed her tyme in her chambre, and Eurialus was afore the doore, and taryed the token, but hee neyther hearde hym synge nor spytte, the houre was past, Achates meued hym too departe. It was hard to departe, and ymagyned nowe one cause nowe another. Pandalus sang not because Menelaus brother was lefte there, that soughte eche corner for feare of deceytes, and waked all the whyle. To whome Pandalus sayde, shall we not go to bedde thys nyghte, and I am wonderous slepy, I wonder of the that art a yonge man, and lyke an olde manne, too whome drynes taketh awaye sleepe, thou neuer dooste slepe, but before day whan other men do ryse. Lette vs

goo to bedde to what purpose doo we watche: Lette vs go quod Agemennon, yf thou wylte, but lette vs looke fyrst to the dores, yf they be well shutte for doubt of theues. And whan he was come to the dore, he putte to it, nowe one locke, nowe another, and bolted it. There was a great barre of yron that scante two coulde lyfte wherwyth the dore was neuer shut, whych whan Agamennon coulde not put to, desyred healpe. Thou shutteste the dore quod Pandalaus as yf the house shuld be beseged, are we not in a sure city? we are at lyberty in thys towne, and quyetnes is come to vs all. The Florentynes our ennemyes wyth whome we haue warre be farre hence. If thou dreade enemyes, thys house can not healpe vs. I wyll thys nyghte lyfte noo burdons, my shoulders ake, and I am sore bruised wythin, I am not mete for the burden, therfore lifte thou thy selfe, or let it alone. Wel then quod Agamennon it is ynough, and went to bed. Then quod Eurialus, I wil tary here thys houre to se peraduenture yf anye body do appere. Achates that was wyth Eurialus was wery of so long taryinge, and preuely cursed Eurialus, whyche hadde kepte hym soo longe from sleape. Yet they taryed not longe after, but they sawe Lucres thzoughe a creues, caryinge a lyghte in her hande. Towarde whome Eurialus went, and sayd, god spede quod he my dere hart Lucres and she beyng a feard, woulde haue gone her waye, but than remembzynge her selfe what man arte thou quod she that callest me? I thyne Eurialus am here quod he, opē the dore my delite, I haue taried here half this nyght. Lucres at the last knew hys voice, but because she feared decepte, she durste not open tyll she knewe some token that it was hee, and so wyth greate

labour

labour she remoued the lockes, but because there were many fastenynges to the doze that a womans strength coulde not vndo, she opened it but halfe a foote wyde. Good ynough quod Eurialus, and stretchyng him selfe at last, gat in and taketh her in his armes. Achates watched wythoute . Lucres, eyther foz feare oz foz Ioye swowned in Eurialus armes, and her strengthe faylynge wyth pale face semed alreadye dead, but that her pulse and hete remayned. Eurialus, wyth the sodeyne chaunce afeared, wyst not what to do. If I goo hence thought he, the faut of her death shal be me to leue a womanne in such daunger, if I tarye . Agamennon oz some of the house shal come, and than I am vndone. Alas vnhappy loue that hast in the moze gal, than hony the bytter wormewod is no moze soure than thou arte what daungers hast thou al redy put me in: with how many dethes hast thou thzetened mi hed: and hast thou lefte me nowe too haue a woman dye in myne armes: why hast thou not rather slayne me: why hast thou not come me wyth lyons. Alas how much had it bene that I had dyed in her lappe, than she in my bosome: Loue had ouercome the man, and regardynge not his owne helth, taryed with the womanne, and lyftyng vppe her bodye all be moysted wyth teres kyssed her. Alas Lucres quod he, where art thou become: where bee thyne eares: why answerest thou not: whye herest thou not: open thyne eyes. I beseche the loke vpon me, smile on me as thou art wont, thy Eurialus is hear, he doth embrace the, why doost thou thus trouble me: I wonder, arte thou gone, oz doost thou slepe: where shall I seke the: yf thou woldest dye, whye dyddest thou not warne me that I myghte haue dyed wyth the: yf thou wylte

not heare me, my swoorde shall strayghte open my syde: and wee shall boothe dye at ones. Ah my lyfe, my darlyng, my delyte, my only hope, and my hole health, shall I thus lese the? open thyne eyne, lyft vp thy head, thou art not yet ded, I fele thou art warme, and thy breathe is yet in the, whye dooste thou not speake to me? dooste thou receyue me of thys sort? dooste thou call me to such pastyme? dooste thou [illegible] me suche a nyghte? Ryse I beseche the my [illegible] loke on thy Eurialus, I am here and wyth [illegible] the stoud of his teres flushed so vppon her face [illegible] that as wyth droppes of water the woman awaked out of her slepe, and seynge her louer. Alas quod she Eurialus, where haue I ben? why dyddest thou not suffer me to dye? happelye had I dyed in thy armes, and would God I myght so dye? eare thou shulde departe the towne. Thus talckynge together, they wente into the chamber, where they hadde suche a nyghte, as wee iudge the two louers Paris and Helena had after he had taken her away, and it was vnto them so pleasannt, that they thoughte Mars and Venus hadde neuer none such, thou art quod Lucres my Ganimedes, my Ypolitus, my Diomedes. Thou art quod Eurialus my Polexena, my emly, ye, and Venus her selfe, and her mouthe and nowe her eyene, and nowher chekes he kysseth, and somtyme casting doun the clothes, he sawe suche beautye as hee neuer afore saw. I haue found more quod he than I wened, suche a one sawe Acteon of Diana, whanne she bathed her in the fountayne what is moore pleasaunter or more fayrer than these lymmes, nowe haue I bought them wyth pearyl, but what thyng shuld I not haue suffred for the? O fayre necke, and pleasaunt brestes, is it you

that

that I touche? is it you that I haue? are ye in my handes? O round lymmes, O swete bodye, haue I thee in my armes? Nowe where dothe pleasante in the freshnesse of my ioye, that no displeasure myghte here after hurte it. Do I holde the or doo I dreme? O pleasaunte kysses, Oh dere enbracynges, O sweete bytynges, no man lyuinge is more happye than I, or more blessed. But alas how swyfte be these houres? Thou spytefull nyght, why goest thou awaye? abyde Apollo and tarye vnder the earth, why dost thou so sone put thy horse in to the chayre? let them repast, geue me thys nyghte as thou dyddest to Alcmena, why doest thou Auroza leaue soo sone the bed of Titan, yf thou were as pleasaunte vnto hym as Lucres is to me, he wolde not suffer thee to arise so earlye. Neuer sawe I so shorte a nyghte, yet haue I bene in Britayne and in Denmarke, thus sayd Eurialus, and Lucres sayde no lesse, nor suffered not one kysse nor one worde to passe vnrecompenced. Hee strayned, and she strayned, and whan they hadde done they were not wearye, but as Athens, rose frome thee grounde stronger, soo after battell were they more desyrous of warre. The nyghte ended whan auroza toke from the Ocean her dewe here, he departed, and longe after myghte not retourne, by the dayelye watche that was put vnto her, but loue ouercame all thynge, and at laste they founde waye for theyr metynge, which longe while they vsed.

At the mean tyme the Emperour that alredy was reconciled to Eugenius, determined to go to Rome. This did Lucres perceiue, for what is that ỹ loue knoweth not? or who can deceiue a louer? therfor

Lucres

F mi mind could be wroth toward the, I wolde now be angrye with the, for that thou haste dissembled thi departing but it loueth the better then me, and may for no cause be meued againste the. Alasse my hert, why hast thou not told me of the Emperours departure he maketh him redy toward his iourney and I knowe wel ꝑ shalt not tary behynde, alas what shall become of me, what shal I do poze woman, wher shal I reast, yf thou do forsake me, my lyfe lasteth not two dayes. For these letters therefore moysted wyth my teares, and for thy ryghthande, and thy promised fayth yf euer I haue deserued any thynge of the, or yf euer thou hast had anye delyte by me, haue pyty on thy vnhappy louer. My desyre is not that thou shuldest tary but that thou shouldest take me wyth the, I wyll make as I wouldе go in the euenynge to Bethlem, and take but one old womā wyth me. Let two or thre of thy seruauntes be ther, and by force take mee awaye . It is noo greate payne too take one awaye that wolde be gone, nor thynke it noo shame, for Darys the sonne of a kynge dyd lykewyse, and thou shalte doe noo wronge vnto my husbande, for hee shall algates lease mee , for yf it bee not by thy takynge, it shall be by deathe, but I am sure thou wylte not be so cruell to leaue mee behynde too dye, that euer hath made more of the than of my selfe. Farewell my onelye truste. To whome Eurialus aunswered after this faction.

Hetherto

Hetherto haue I hydde fro the my Lucres my departynge, because thou shouldest not tourmente thee ouermuche afore the tyme, I knowe thy condicions, and vnder what manner thou soroweste, but the Emperoure departeth not so that he shal not returne, and whan we shall retourne from Rome, thys is in oure waye to oure countrey, and if so bee the Emperoure wyll goo anye other waye, if I lyue thou shalte se me retourne let God neuer suffer me to come into my countreye, but make me wander lyke Vlyxes, if I come not hether, confort thy selfe therfore my dear heart and be of good cheare, be not sad, but rather liue merely. Thou sayest thy tarynge awaye shoulde be the greatest pleasure that coulde bee too me, it is trouthe, and greater delyte I coulde not haue, than the alwais at my desire: But I muste rather take heede too thy honoure than to my luste, for the fayth that thou beresi vnto me, byndeth me to geue the suche faythfull counseylles as shulde be mete for the. Thou knoweste thou art maryed into a noble familye, and baste the name of a right beautyful and chaste Lady, and it is not onely in Italye, but al well in Teutonia, Panonia, Bohemia, and al the worthye partyes, so that if I take the awaye (beside my shame that for thy sake I set lytle by (what dyshonoure shuldest thou doo to all thy frendes? what sorow shuld thy mother take? what shulde be then spoken of the? what rumoure shoulde all the worlde beare of the? Lo, Lucres that was called more chast then the wyfe of Brutus, and better than Penelope, foloweth an adulterer, not remembryng neyther her parentes, nor countreye, it is not Lucres, but Ippia, or Medea

that folowed Jason. Halas what greke shulde it be to me to here such thynges of the? Our loue is yet secret, there is no manne that dyspraysyth the. Thy takynge awaye shulde marre all, nor thou were not soo prayse as thou shuldest then be blamed. But beſydes our honour, howe wer it possyble that we shuld vse our loue? I serue the Emperoure, hee hathe made me ryche and of great power, and I cannot departe from hym without the losse of my state, so that if I shulde leaue hym, I coulde not conuenientlye entertayne the, if I shuld contynuallye folow the court, we haue no reast, euerye day we chaunge places. The Emperoure hath taryed noowhere soo longe as he hathe dōne here, and that because of warre, so that if I shoulde carye the aboute wyth me, and haue the in my Tent as a folower of the felde, what reyzefe and shame shuld it be bothe too the and me? For theese cauſes I beſeache the my Lucres put away thys mynde and remember thy honour, and flatter not rather thy rage than thy selfe: Another louer perauenture wolde other wyse counsel the, and deſyre the to ronne thy way, that he myghte abuse the as long as he myght, nothynge regardynge what shulde befall of it, whyle he myght satisfye hys appetite, but he were no true louer that wolde regarde rather his own luſt, than thy fame. I councell the my Lucres for the beſt, tarye heare I beſeche the and doubte not in myne tourne; what soeuer the Emperoure hath to do heare, I wyll sue to haue it cōmytted vnto me, that I maye accompanye wyth the wythout daunger. Farewel liue and loue me, and thyncke my lyfe noo leſſe than thyne owne, and mooste contrarye to my mynde I departe. Farewel agayne the delyte and lode of my lyfe.

Troilus

Wyth these letters the woman somwhat had appesed her selfe, and aunswered that shee woulde folowe hys councell.

Shortelye after, Eurialus wente to Rome wyth the Emperour, wher he had not ben longe, but he was sycke of an hote ague. The poze vnhappy man whē he was burnyng in loue, began also to burn in sycknes, and whē loue had wasted his strēgth by dolour of the dysease, lyttle remayneth of hys life, & that spirit was rather entertaygned with Phisicions, than tarryed of it selfe. The Emperour visyted him dayly, confortynge hym as hys sonne, and commaunded that he shulde haue all cure of medecynes that myghte be, but none was of more effecte for hys remedye, then a letter from Lucres, wherby he vnderstode her helth, wbych somewhat mynysheth hys sycknes, and made hym recouer hys fete, so that he was at the coronacion of the Emperoure, and there was made knyghte. After thys whan the Emperoure went to Perusia, he tarryed at Rome, and from thence wente too Scene, all thoughe he were but yet weke and perye grene of hys sycknes but he myght onlye beholde Lucres, and not speke to her. Many letters went betwyxt them, and agayne there was practisinge for her goinge away, thre dayes dyd Eurialus tary there, and whē he saw no maner of wayes too come to her, that as then was taken from hym, he did aduertyse hys Lady of his departing but neuer had they such plesure in theyr conuersacion as they had displeasure in their departynge. Lucres was in her wyndowe when Eurialus ryd through the strete, and wyth theyr moyste eyen the one beheld the

other, he wept and she wept, and bothe wer distrayned with greuous doloures, as they that felte theyr hartes tourne of theyr places. If any man doth not know the dolour of death, let hym consider the departing of two louers, whiche hath more heuynes and more paynfull tormente. The soule suffreth in death, for that it parte from the beloued bodye, and the bodye (the soule ones departed) suffereth not, but whanne two myndes, bee ioyned together. so muche is the diuision more payne full, in so muche as the delyte of eyther of them is more sencyble, and surelye heare was not two myndes, but surelye as weneth Aristophanes one soule in two bodyes, so departed not one mynde from another, but one loue and one mynde was in two deuyded, and the harte suffred partition. Parte of the mynde wente and part remayned and all the sences were disperpled and playned too departe from theyr owne selfe. Nor one droppe of bloude remayned in thee louers faces, but only teares and bewaylinges, and very deathe apered in theyr vysages who maye wryte or declare, to thinke the grefes of those myndes, but hee that hathe ones in his life bene like wise mad. Laodomia, whan Protheselaus went to the siege of Troi, knowned, and whan shee knewe of hys deathe, dyed. Dido, after the predestinate departyng of Eneas, slewe her selfe. And Porcia wolde not lyue after Brutus deathe. But thys oure Lucres, after Eurialus was out of her syght, fallyng to the earthe, was taken vp by her maydens, and layde in her bedde and when she came too her selfe, all purple and golden clothes, and glad apparell she layde aparte, and ware displeasaunt tawny and neuer after was harde lynge or seene laughe, nor by no sportes, no

ioyes

ioye, nor myrthe, myghte euer be reconforted, in which condicion when she hadde a lytle whyle continued, she fell into sycknes and because her harte was absente, the mynde wouldе receyue no consolacion, and at the laste betwyxte the armes of her much weppyng mother (vnto whyche vayne comfortable woordes) shee gaue vp the wery ed goost, dyspayringe the sorowfullyke.

Vrialus after he had passed the sight of those ein ỹ shulde neuer again se him: neuer spake to any bodye in his iourney, but caryed onlye Lucres in hys minde, and thoughte busilye yt he might retourne, and at last came vnto the Emperoure at Peruſia, & went with him to Ferrar, to Mantua, to Tridente, to Constantia, and to Basile, and so into Hungery, and to Bohemy. But lyke as he folowed the Emperour so did Lucres folow hym in his slepe & suffred him no nightes rest, whom whē he knew hys true loyet to be deed meued bi extreme dolour clotheth hym in mourning apparell, and vterly exclu-ded all comforte, and yet though the Emperour gaue hym in martage a right noble and excellente Ladye, yet he neuer reioyed after, but in cōclusion pitifully wasted his painfull life.

MVSEVM BRITAN NICVM

Bryefe lytle boke/ I maye perceyue my frend
Thee/ wolde loue/ not fayned nor fortunable
By which right plainly thou maist entend
That loue is no plesure/ but a payn durable
And yende is deth which is most lamētable
Therfore ere thou be/ trayned with suche care
By others peryls/ take hede and be ware.

Eyght by Eurialus/ by whome perceyue thou mayst
The best it is/ to eschue shortlye
To drynke of the cup/ ne of it to taste
That sauoured more of gall than of hony
Also I coulde shewe the hystoryes of many
That if they by tyme had made resistence
They myght haue eschued all such inconuenyence.

There was also the noble Troylus
Whych all hys lyfe/ abode in mortall payne
Betrayed by Cresyde whose hystory is pitevous
Tyll at the last Achylles had hym slayne
Yet other there be/ whyche of hys cruell trayne
Of loue haue contynued/ all theyr lyfe dayes
Deathe was theyr end/ there was non other wayes.

I wille reede also of Piramis and Thisbe
Of Paris/ Heleyn/ Helle by theyr feruent loue
Of Troyles/ and of the fayre Ysoyde
With many other/ whyche I coulde not attayne
And of Dido/ whiche with her selfe stroue
For loue of Eneas/ whan she coulde not attaine
Yet at the last she had her self slayne

Conclusion of the poem, according to Mr Heath's copy of the edition of 1560 in 8vo

Yet coulde I shewe you of many other mo
Yf leyser not wanted, but now I let it pas
Whiche by theyr loue were constrayned also
To mortal death; more pitye alas
therfore thys boke in Englysh drawe was
For an example, therby to eschew the paynes of loue, ere after they it rewe.